

A GOOD STORY.

But the Author Would Be a Poor Man to Write History.

"The most desperate personal act I witnessed during the war was performed by a Wisconsin cavalryman," said C. J. Hilton of Madison. "It was at Pleasant Hill, and the man dismounted the capture made at Ciudad Rodrigo by Charles O'Malley's man, Mickey Free. The Wisconsin man rode out between two great Cavalry Regiments and Confederate and attacked a lieutenant and two men belonging to the Union forces, and after a hand to hand saber fight, lasting fully ten minutes, captured the three and brought them in. It was the proudest fight of the kind I ever saw, and the Wisconsin trooper was cheered by every man on our side who witnessed his act and by some of the Union's soldiers. I don't know who the man was, but my recollection is that he belonged to the Second Wisconsin."

A man who wore the Loyal Legion button said he did not think the Second Wisconsin was in the fight with Stuart at Brandy Station and Pleasant Hill. He asked for the story, however:

"I was a member of the Eighth New York," said Mr. Hilton, "and our regiment was part of the very permanent unit under Pleasant Hill to look up John Stuart just before Gettysburg. We found Stuart—yellow ash, black hat, blue coat, and all that—just at the Brandy Station, and with him were all his riders. The fight was a hot one, and we came very near being beautifully whipped, although we claimed the victory on the ground that we learned what we wanted to know—where Stuart was and what Lee was about. It was at a spot called Pleasant Hill, and it was there that the Wisconsin trooper captured his three men."

We had seen it hammer and tongs for two or three hours when there came one of those let ups you all have seen—far from the world to two bulldogs looking for a fresh hold. While both sides were waiting for the order to advance a Confederate lieutenant and two men rode out from their tents, moving toward us as if searching for something on the field. Every man on our side watched them and wondered what they were looking for. The two lines were fully two-thirds of a mile apart, and the three had got about a third of the way across toward us. Then over on the right of our line was a stir and commotion, and the excitement spread along until it reached us.

"The fight of our line was concealed from us by a little grove of oak trees. A trooper in blue, mounted on a big bay that looked and carried himself like a thoroughbred, was riding out to meet those three men in gray. He sat on his horse like a riding school master. When within 100 yards of Stuart's three men he halted, saluted them with his sword, dropped his carbine and revolver. The three men from the other side had been watching him, and understanding the challenge, dropped their swords and revolvers. "Then came the fight. It was a saber contest, with three against one. That Wisconsin man dismounted that lieutenant in two passes, jamming his sword in the back of the other's head, and put his blade through the shoulder of the third. He brought the three into our lines."

"What do you think of that?" he concluded.

"The story is all right," said one of the listeners, "but I don't think you would do to write history."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Fronts of Monte Carlo. The merchant whose losses are the result of untoward and unforeseen changes in the market receives sympathy and help, but what bank or private friend will advance money to a gambler? The betting man who has lost his shirt and shilling and lost it is pronounced a fool and has put himself beyond the reach of practical compassion. The sharper who has floored him has neither sympathy nor pity. He uses his victim as the butt of his ridicule. And the victim himself, who has risked his money on mere chance, or on his own information, or on fraudulent representations, freely pronounces himself a fool, judging himself in the light of the issue. To fancy that we shall be rich and win and win where others have lost that we shall be the solitary-lucky ones among the thousands unlucky, is a folly to which we are all liable, but it is none the less a folly.

It is stated that the winnings of the table or bank at Monte Carlo last year amounted to \$800,000—that is to say, this was the net sum lost by those who played. Yet each gambler who stakes his little pile fancies he will be the one to win. There are some thousands of bookmakers in our country. Out of whose pockets do they pick so comfortable a living? Out of the pockets of their dupes, who so humbly contribute to the maintenance of their worst enemies.—Good Words.

The Word "Toast."

The word "toast," used for describing the proposal of a health in after dinner speech, dates back to medieval times, when the loving cup was still regarded as an indispensable feature of every banquet. The word was then applied to the drink with which or in the center of which would be floating a piece of toasted bread. After putting his lips to the toast the host would pass the cup to the guest of honor seated on his right hand, and the latter would in turn pass it to his right hand neighbor. In this manner the cup would circulate around the table, each one present taking a sip, until finally the cup would come back to the host, who would drain what remained and swallow the piece of toast in honor of his friends assembled at his table.

Two Surprises.

"It beats all how some people spend money." "Yes, and it beats all how some people get money to spend."—Detroit Free Press.

Advocate Teet's Shows With Candor. Candy Cane, a new constitution, the new, the C. C. C. fall, druggists require money.

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THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

She Had a Natural Anxiety, Which She Made Manifest.

As my horse, puffing like a porpoise, drew me and my backboard up the last sharp ascendency of the mountain road that led out into the pass between the summits rising on either hand he would have exercised his privilege and stopped a moment to blow, but 100 yards ahead of us I saw a bright bit of calico gleaming in the morning sun, and, driving on, I came up to a mountain maid milking a cow on a stump at a point where a footpath leading up from the valley met the main road.

"Good morning," she said before I had a chance to stop, and there seemed to be an anxious tone in the voice.

"Good morning," I responded, and I was on the point of asking her how far it was to the next place, a favorite manner of starting a conversation on mountain roads, when she broke in:

"Air you a preacher?" she asked.

"No," I answered, smiling, for I had never been asked that question before.

"Nor a squire?"

"No."

"Well, Jim Martin's comin along this way purty soon now, an I wuz his axin so's that wouldn't be no mis-take."

"I don't quite understand your explanation," I said, completely in the dark as to what she was trying to get at.

"I reckon now, an Jim's mighty curious, an I thought I'd better stop you while I had the chance."

"Thank you, I'm sure, but if you will tell me what's up I may be able to know what you are talking about."

She laughed good naturedly.

"Well, you see it's this a-way," she said. "Jim, he's been a-courtin an squire for some time, an he's got a fine horse, an a fine house, an a fine lot of land, an a fine lot of money."

"I don't see how that is any of your business," I said.

"Well, you see it's this a-way," she said. "Jim, he's been a-courtin an squire for some time, an he's got a fine horse, an a fine house, an a fine lot of land, an a fine lot of money."

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OUTPUT OF TWO FORESTS.

The Almost Inconceivable Amount of Lumber Cut in Wisconsin and Minnesota.

"The Story of a Pine Board" is the title of an article by W. S. Harwood in the St. Nicholas. Mr. Harwood says of the lumbering in Wisconsin and Minnesota: About 4,160,000,000 feet of logs were cut in the season of 1898—that is to say, what is equivalent to 4,160,000,000 pieces of board 12 inches square and 1 inch thick. I wonder if even the lumber men themselves, and the log cutters, and the manufacturers of lumber in the great mills, realize what an enormous amount of lumber this is. Why, it would build a house around the globe, with a main room ten feet high and a large attic, ceiling up the inside walls and roof with sweet, fragrant pine. It would put down a matchless floor, and then, when the house was all completed, there would be left enough lumber to build tight board fences on either side of the house 3½ feet high, the distance around the globe. Besides all this there would be shingles enough for a good portion of the house, and then, if the mighty builder of such a globe grilling house wanted to fit it up a little more neatly, there would be a large supply of laths, and I suppose, the plasterers could furnish him enough stucco and lime.

Or if he wanted to construct a roof shelter for all the people on the globe our mighty builder could accommodate them all, allowing to each man, woman and child a clear space of two square feet in which to stand, and still have room left over for 500,000,000 men with the same room in which to stand. And to look at it in still another way, this same builder would have material to construct a bicycle path of pine, a little over two feet wide, from the earth to the moon, for there would be nearly 800,000 miles of board a foot wide and an inch thick. In sawing this lumber up into the required length and thickness there was a great waste in sawdust—great, indeed, that the sawdust pile would stand 112 feet high on a city square and 500 feet square at the base, and this is saying nothing about the vast amount of pieces of slabs which are split up into kindlings.

This enormous quantity of lumber represents merely the output of two forests—one in the northwestern part of the state of Wisconsin, and the other in the northern part of the state of Minnesota, and at the rate the logs are being cut up there will not be a piece of pine forest standing in all this vast region at the end of ten years unless something is done by the government to put a stop to the ravages.

More Lives Than a Cat.

This is an inscription on a marble slab over a grave at Green Bay:

"Dieu ait tout! Here lies the Body of Lewis Galtz Esq. who departed this life at Fort Royal the 28th December 1789 aged 80. He was born at Montpelier in France but left that country for his Religion and came here to settle in this island where he was swallowed up in the Great Earthquake in the year 1693 and by the Providence of God was by another shock thrown into the Sea and miraculously saved by swimming until a Boat took him up. He lived many years after an great Reputation Beloved by all who knew him and much lamented at his death."—Notes and Queries.

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ESTABLISHED 1873.

Many tales have been told of the unwillingness of the Chinese to see the advantages of the introduction of the telegraph into China. A telegraph journal now adds to the number by the report of an incident connected with the first cable along the coast from Peking to Shanghai. Soon after the cable was laid a lottery drawing came off in Peking, in which many of the residents of Shanghai held tickets. One of the gamblers so far overcame his distrust of the cable as to have the winning numbers sent him, and he bought the tickets leaving them from his more skeptical townsmen, realizing a small fortune on the transaction. Not long after there was a scanty crop of rice in the upper provinces, and a Shanghai merchant telegraphed to Peking instructions to buy heavily. The ultimate result was that he sold his rice at an immense profit and retired by an independence. By degrees it began to dawn on the Chinese that it was just as well not to tear down telegraph wires, as the telegraph was a fairly good thing to have around.

A Peculiar Optical Illusion.

A correspondent of a photographic journal, in speaking of the special interest that attaches to the Houtoung rays among photographers, who often are not in a position to invest in elaborate and expensive sets of apparatus, says it is not generally known that by means of a very simple optical illusion an almost perfect imitation of the wonders of radiography can be shown without the trouble and expense of Indian ink, coils, tubes or fluorescent screens. All that is necessary is to take a small feather from a pheasant or turkey and holding it close to the eye look through the radiating ribs at the end of the feather at the fingers of the hand held up toward the sky or against the window. The flesh of the fingers will then appear to be transparent, with the jagged bone running down in the center, as shown by the true radiograph. If it is desired to exhibit the phenomenon by daylight, a piece of ground glass must be held in front of the flame to diffuse the light.

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